Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ASSAULT ON QUEBEC, 1775.

[The following account of the assault on Quebec by the American army under Montgomery and Arnold, on the morning of the last day of the year 1775, is taken from a scarce work in the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, entitled: "An | interesting | Journal | of occurrences during the | expedition to Quebec | conducted by the celebrated Arnold | at the commencement | of the | American Revolution, | giving a particular account of the unparalleled | sufferings sustained by that detachment in | passing through the Wilderness, | together with a description | of the | Battle of Quebec, | kept by George Morison, a volunteer in | the company of Riflemen commanded by | Capt. Hendricks who was slain | at the attack upon Quebec." Printed at Hagerstown, Maryland, in 1803. George Morison was a resident of Shearman's Valley, in Cumberland County, when he enlisted as a private in Captain William Hendricks's company of riflemen, attached to Colonel William Thompson's battalion. After he was exchanged, he re-entered the army, and while acting in the capacity of a quartermaster, one day, had a dispute with a colonel of the Maryland line. The colonel drew his sword upon him, when Morison jumped behind a hogshead and seized a spade, with which he broke his assailant's sword-arm. A court-martial sentenced him to receive one thousand lashes, but the magnanimity of the colonel prevented the sentence from being executed. He was released, but the injustice of the sentence induced him to leave the army, whereupon he destroyed that part of his journal falling between 1776 and 1777. The portion of the journal preserved, although not so full in detail as that of Judge Henry, is nevertheless valuable and interesting. Captain Hendricks's company left Carlisle for the camp before Boston on 13th July, 1775, their route being *via* Reading, Bethlehem, Easton (where they were joined by Captain Miller's riflemen), Sussex Court-House (where Captain Daniel Morgan's company was met), to Litchfield, Connecticut (where they tarred and feathered a Tory who had violently and clamorously derided the cause of liberty and all those who espoused it), and on 9th August reached Cambridge. Here Arnold's expedition was organized, and in the selection of the three companies of riflemen who were to accompany it, the journalist records that lots were cast by the commanding officers of the eleven companies in camp, which resulted in the choice of those of Captains Daniel Morgan, Matthew Smith, and William Hendricks. After describing the march through the wilderness of Maine, " which will forever remain a monument of American valor,"

and comparing it with the march of Hannibal over the Alps, the journal concludes with the preparations for and the assault on Quebec and the capture of the journalist.]

The scaling ladders that had been left at the other side of the river were brought over. Our arms were examined and put in the best order. On the evening of December 25th, we paraded at Captain Morgan's quarters, where we were addressed in a handsome manner by General Montgomery on the subject of the intended attack. He pointed out the necessity of it, and the certainty of its success. He observed that nothing was wanting to insure victory, but the exercise of that valor we so triumphantly displayed under the most unparalleled sufferings. He concluded that, if we succeeded, we would rescue a province from the British yoke, win it for our country, and obtain for ourselves immortal honor. The address was sensible and concise; and the engaging oratory of the general highly enraptured us. We answered him with a cheer, declaring that whatever his excellency was pleased to command we were ready to obey. On the 27th, in the evening, the whole army capable of bearing arms assembled according to orders, and were on the point of marching to battle; but the orders were countermanded. This night two men deserted to the enemy, which put them on their guard. To this infernal act of treachery the failure of the enterprise may, in a great degree, be attributed. On the 30th, orders were issued to parade at 2 o'clock the next morning. Accordingly, on the 31st, we were under arms at the time appointed. The plan of the attack is as follows: The general to attack by Cape Diamond at the south end of the town, at the head of two hundred men. Colonel Arnold to attack through the suburbs of St. Roe, at the head of three hundred and sixty men, including the riflemen commanded by Captains Morgan, Hendricks, and Smith; together with a piece of artillery. Colonel Livingston and Major Brown at the head of one hundred and sixty Canadians and Massachusetts troops to make a false attack near to St. John's gate. This was the central division; and were to let off the rockets, as signals for the general attack.

All things being in readiness, each division moves on towards the town, impatient to commence the assault. The morning is very stormy, which hinders the enemy from seeing our movements. The snow is very deep, which increases momently by the snow that is falling. The piece of artillery, on a sled, cannot be got along, and is left behind. All eyes are now directed to the place from whence the rockets are to ascend, they are let off precisely at 5 o'clock,—instantly the enemy beat to arms; for when they saw the signals, they conjectured that ill was intended them. Our advance party, consisting of thirty men, impetuously rush on and attack a battery on a wharf. Captain Morgan being in front, advances to their aid, followed by Captain Hendricks. We fire into the port-holes with our rifles with such effect, that the enemy cannot discharge a single cannon,—save one on our approach that did us no damage. Perhaps there is no similar instance in modern warfare of a battery being silenced by a few riflemen. Several discharges of musketry are now made upon us from houses and other unexpected places; Colonel Arnold receives a bad wound in his leg, and is carried to the hospital. We now scale the battery with our ladders led on by the intrepid Morgan and our brave captain. This bold act so confounds the guards that thirty of them instantly surrender, and are immediately secured. This affair occupies us but about twenty minutes,—one killed and six or seven wounded. During this combat, the main body now commanded by Major Meigs, approaches, being much interrupted by the deepness of the snow and an incessant fire of the enemy from the walls and houses, which killed and wounded several, without our people being able to annoy them in the least. They enter the town at our right, just as we had finished our task,—we give them a cheer, and they returned it. We are reinforced with a small party, then push on through alleys to the next battery, rush close up to it unobserved, fire in at the port-holes, wound some of the guard, and deter them from using their cannon.

By keeping close to the battery, we not only stop the mouths of the artillery, but prevent the musketry from injuring us, a considerable body of whom we now perceive behind the battery ready to salute us as we mount the wall. Our officers deem it proper to suspend scaling the wall until the main body come up, at whose delay we are astonished; in the mean time we challenge the enemy to come out into open space and fight us, which however they do not choose to accept. Some cowards fire upon us from the windows of houses, which only serves to make us laugh. They point out the muzzles of their guns, skreening themselves behind the window-frames, and fire at random; the bullet seldom coming within some perches of us,—some of us amuse ourselves by emptying our rifles in at these windows. We have heard for some time heavy discharges of musketry and artillery in different parts of the town: we are elated with this music and shout "Quebec is ours;" we again invite the enemy to come out from behind their covert, and try our rifles; which we offer them for sale at low rate. They however decline the offer, observing that they shortly expect them for nothing. Our main body now appears, having taken a wrong route through narrow and crooked streets, exposed to a cowardly fire from houses. We heartily cheer each other, and now prepare to storm the battery,—the ladders are laid on the wall,—our gallant officers are mounting, followed by several men, when a furious discharge of musketry is let loose upon us from behind houses; in an instant we are assailed from different quarters with a deadly fire. We now find it impossible to force the battery or guard the port-holes any longer. We rush on to every part, rouse the enemy from their coverts, and force a body of them to an open fight; some of our riflemen take to houses, and do considerable execution. We are now attacked by thrice our number; the battle becomes hot, and is much scattered; but we distinguish each other by hemlock sprigs previously placed in our hats. All our officers act most gallantly. Betwixt every peal the awful voice of Morgan is heard, whose gigantic stature and terrible appearance carries dismay among the foe wherever he comes. My brave captain is sublimated with the most exalted courage; he seems to be all soul; and moves as if he did not touch the earth. But whilst he is most heroically animating us with his voice and example, a ball flies into his breast and lays him dead upon the spot. We have no time to weep,—we are attacked in our rear,—the enemy increase momently,—they call out to us to surrender; but we surrender them our bullets, and retreat to the first battery; here we maintain ourselves until 10 o'clock, when surrounded on every side, many of our officers and men slain, and no hope of escape, we are reluctantly compelled to surrender ourselves prisoners of war, after having fought manfully for more than three hours.

The division under the general was also unsuccessful. He together with several officers and eleven men were killed in the beginning of the attack, and the rest retreated. He was interred with military honors by the order of General Carleton. It was in consequence of the failure of this division that the enemy turned their whole force upon us. There were about one hundred killed and wounded; and nearly four hundred taken prisoners.

After we were taken prisoners, we were taken to an old French college, our officers were taken out from amongst us. Some rum and a biscuit a piece were given to us. We were kindly treated both by General Carleton and the people of the town, until one Deway was placed over us, who sold the provisions allowed us for his own profit. But the Lord of Hosts soon delivered us out of his hands; for he was taken with the small-pox, which swept him from off the face of the earth. On the 31st of March, a plot was laid amongst us to free ourselves. The plan was as follows: We made officers of our sergeants, and formed ourselves into three divisions. The first division was to take the guard that stood over us. The second was to secure the guard at St. John's gate. The third, among whom was the artillery men, was to seize the cannon and turn them upon the town. Then we procured a person to go over to the army under Colonel Arnold, now blockading the place, and notify the colonel of the plot, and signals to be used; but a scoundrel that knew of it informed the barrack-master. The consequence was that the sergeants were all put in irons, seven in a bolt; and the privates hand-cuffed two and two together. Here we lay wretched, ragged, and covered with vermin, until the 8th of May, when Colonel Arnold retreated up the river. Then General Carleton ordered our irons to be knocked off; and on the 6th of June his excellency came into the jail, and observed to us, that if he could depend upon our words and honors to behave peaceably and not to take up arms in future against his majesty, he would engage to send us home. He then presented a paper purporting his request, which we all signed. This humane gentleman was much moved at our miserable situation; for, in addition to our rags, we were all badly affected with the scurvy, and some of us past a cure. There was a number also disabled by their wounds. His excellency directly caused relief to be given, and sent each of us a shirt. He informed us that we should embark in ten days or less. Accordingly on the 7th of August, 1776, we were put on board four transports, and after a boisterous passage, were landed at the point of Elizabethtown, on the 24th of September, having been prisoners nearly nine months. We marched immediately for Philadelphia, where we received money and clothing from the public agents.